LONG DISTANCE CALLS

Grace W. Woods

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Please treat this book as you would a friend —Introduce it to others, and make it known as widely as possible, that the Friend above all others may be glorified in the winning of souls for which He gave His life.

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FOREWORD

TO FOLLOWERS of the Lord Jesus Christ, and to His faithful witnesses in the widely-scattered harvest-field, there can never be a story—apart, that is, from the matchless story of redeeming love—more thrilling and wonderful than that of answered prayer. That we have a God who hears and answers the call of His children, is one of the marvels of our human life.

When that arresting little story of our Father's faithfulness—*The Half Can Never Be Told*—was first published, it met with a glad welcome from the Lord's remembrancers in all parts of the world. Missionaries in particular received it joyfully, and there is, perhaps, no corner of the foreign mission field into which it has not penetrated with its uplifting and inspiring message. Now, from the same pen, comes *Long Distance Calls,* telling of the triumphs of believing prayer and bearing testimony to the goodness of our covenant-keeping Father.

One eminent Christian worker, who has read the little book in manuscript, is convinced that it has been written at the dictation of the Holy Spirit, and that the testimonies which it contains will give "renewed inspiration to prayer." May that prediction be abundantly fulfilled; and if all who read it draw closer to God, learning to trust Him more and to serve Him better through personal acquaintance with these records of His ceaseless love and care, the heart of the writer will rejoice, and all the praise and honor will be given to Him "whose goodness faileth never."

FOREWORD

AMERICAN EDITION

TO MEET the increasing demand for this small book we are obliged to print an American edition. The first edition was published in July 1929, and in a month a reprint was needed. From far distant points have come testimonies indicating the Divine favor resting upon the message. One writes, "We have just received from Messrs. Marshal, Morgan & Scott, 100 copies of your other book 'Long Distance Calls,' and felt that in addition to the acknowledgment we have sent to Mr. Kennedy Maclean, I would like to send a word of personal thanks to you. I feel that the very best contribution we can make to the spiritual problems of to-day, which are in some ways more pressing and acute than ever before, is to demonstrate the truth that God is still at work and miracles still being experienced *by those who are wililng to give Him the supreme place.* Your books are certainly helping greatly in this direction, and I pray that they may be increasingly used by God for His glory and the *reviving* of His Church," and another, "Many thanks for the copy of 'Long Distance Calls.' The book is a very acceptable reminder that our Father desires both the realisation of our dependence upon His bounty and our acknowledgment of our daily needs. One's own heart has been cheered by these accounts of His faithfulness."

It is our continued prayer that the simple narratives related herein tend to increase faith and inspire hope,—"yet more and more."

Ventnor, Atlantic City April 6, 1930.

INTRODUCTION

"Before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

MANY are the means of communication in this twentieth century. Marvelous inventions are operative. New discoveries may appear at any time. The headlines of the front page of the daily newspaper may announce a means of transmitting messages even more marvelous than the Marconi system, and yet these are but the expression of the ingenuity of man, while a far more perfect and rapid means of obtaining our objective has been in existence since the creation of the world, and, like the world itself, originated in the mind of God, the Maker of heaven and earth and all that in them is. No man-made system of conveying thought exists which ensures an answer *before* the "call" is made. God declares that "before they call I will answer and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

The following pages are made public with the sole purpose of proving God's right to this unprecedented claim—a simple setting forth of facts which it is hoped will enlist many to try to get results by the same means, and that means is prayer in the Holy Ghost.

"If only every child of His were filled with the *Spirit,*
The Gospel Story would soon be spread over the whole world,
And all people would echo the angels' song,
And join in the prayer—'Come, Lord Jesus!'"

—*F. H. Codrington.*

LONG DISTANCE CALLS

CHAPTER I

INDIA—AT LAST!

IT IS not our purpose at this time to put on record more than a few of the "long distance calls," and to tell briefly the results which followed. In order that the reader may more fully enter into the spirit of each story, it may be well simply to state that of the incidents herein related several occurred during a sojourn in Oriental countries, which began in the spring of 1919 and ended in the autumn of 1926, covering a period of over seven years.

Perhaps we had better say further, that when we left the United States in 1919 it was *our* intention first to cross the Pacific Ocean and continue around the world, but "the Spirit suffered it not," and after nearly two years we returned to the United States, and, setting our house in order a second time, we sailed in August, 1921, via England, for India, the land that had held our imagination from childhood when the story of Adoniram Judson and his Ann had captivated our thoughts.

A number of incidents in connection with this undertaking stand out in relief—the difficulty experienced in obtaining passage from England to India, and our visit to three notable women of India—Pandita Ramabai, Miss Esther Baird and Miss Amy Wilson Carmichael. It was the autumn

when, in anticipation of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, accommodations had been booked to capacity, and we were obliged to travel by rail to Brindisi and from there take a ship to Alexandria, and, some weeks later, after visiting Egypt and Palestine, also Syria, again embark at Port Said for the voyage to Bombay. Mathatma Gandhi was then at the height of his popularity, which suffered a sudden eclipse, from which he has never recovered, when he was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment. However, it was not of Mr. Gandhi nor yet of his Highness the Prince of Wales that we were thinking as our ship steamed into the port of Bombay. Our thoughts were occupied with the prospect of seeing three "mere" women. The name of Pandita Ramabai, "the most wonderful living woman," those who knew her said, had long been familiar, and now the land that produced this truly remarkable person was about to receive us. The question was, would she? At that time the Pandita was receiving no visitors. The recent death of her only daughter, Mona Ramabai, upon whom she had expected her mantle to fall, and who had for several years been associated with the Pandita in the work, bearing the heavier part as her mother was now well advanced in age, had been followed by the tragic ending of her oldest and most familiar friend, Sonderbai Powar, both deaths occurring shortly before we reached India, and this made the possibility of seeing the famous woman, who had been a prophetess indeed to her own people, seem very doubtful. Within two weeks of landing, the desire to see the

Pandita had been realized—a privilege indeed, and one for which we shall always be thankful. A few weeks later she went to her reward.

"God buries His workmen but carries on His work." What we saw of His work and workers at Mukti has been a source of inspiration ever since. A beautiful brass tray with the smaller articles which held my rice and curry with vegetables—marked "Mukti," meaning "Salvation," are among the treasured possessions in our home—reminding us to pray for the work established and carried on for so many years for India's neglected daughters. Much has been written on this subject, and yet we venture to commend to our readers a small paper-bound book, giving the salient features in the life of this saintly servant of the Most High and written by herself, which may be obtained from Miss Hastie, Mukti, Kedgeon, near Poona, India.

And here there is brought to remembrance a very delightful contact—one of several while at Poona—with another of India's highly gifted, consecrated daughters, Miss S. Sorabji, founder and principal of St. Helena's School for high caste Indian girls.

The fine group of buildings were a gift from that steward of the Lord's money, Miss Helen Gould, now Mrs. Finley Shepard of New York, in whose honor the school is named.

We heard the story in detail one evening after we had dined with Miss Sorabji at St. Helena's.

It was while traveling in Palestine that the *need* of such a school was made known to God's faithful steward—a "long distance call" in very truth!

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

Mukti from its inception has been on a strictly "hand to mouth" basis—the Father's hand feeding a family numbering more than a thousand. During times of famine as many as two thousand had a portion supplied daily. Each and every one has heard the story of His redeeming love, and many believing have come to know Him, whom to know is life eternal. "In everything by prayer" is the foundation principle at Mukti.

The American Council Ramabai Association located at 260 West 44th Street, New York, U. S. A., will gladly communicate with any interested, and is prepared to furnish information relative to the work, and to forward gifts which friends may feel it a privilege to send for the support of this work of faith and labor of love.

"HIS HAND IS NOT SHORTENED"

Before leaving England, we were urged by all means to visit the American Friends' Mission located in the very heart of India at Nowgong, nineteen miles from Harpalpur, the nearest railroad station, to see the work, but more especially the pioneer missionary, "Esther Baird, who loves everybody."

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way thou shalt go" was verified in our experience as to Pandita Ramabai and Esther Baird—one a native, the other an adopted daughter of India, close friends, drawn together by a common interest—the

salvation of those who sit in darkness, a darkness only partly comprehended by those who do not live and work in heathen lands; how great is that darkness only God, who caused the True Light to shine, knows.

Both had gone through the fearful famine of 1898, which lasted for three terrible years, when every hour of the day and night the shrieks of the starving multitudes and the groans of the dying never ceased, and throughout the many years each had labored for her common Lord and Master in bonds of fellowship.

It was so ordered that our next experience in closely touching evangelistic work was at Nowgong.

Thirty years before, two young American women had, by much prayer and patient waiting, acquired a large piece of land. The telling of the story as it was related to us would require details which we cannot recall. It was a story which thrilled us as we listened. No doubt there will be many who will hear the "well done." Esther Baird and her co-worker, Delia Fistler, certainly will be prominent among that number.

After a drive in a "Ford," we arrived at the compound, and as we turned into the long driveway we exclaimed, "This is surely a bit of California," for there, at the end of the road leading up to the group of buildings, stood a charming bungalow, surrounded by trees, the porch vine-covered, large tropical plants in front and at the sides. Among other things we learned that Esther Baird had been

the architect and had seen every beam in place and every stone correctly laid.

A missionary in the interior must be "many-sided." The following gives another side to this "Pioneer." For many years, in connection with the work, there was a small dispensary at Harpalpur, nineteen miles away, which was reached by horse and phaëton—Miss Baird and a coachman making the trip, one day attending to the multitudes who came to get relief, and returning the following day to Nowgong. On one such trip Miss Baird, who was driving, heard the coachman say, "Miss Sahiba, hurry." Being a women of great presence of mind she did not wait to inquire the reason for the warning, but instantly laid the whip over the back of the horse, which, being unused to such treatment, bounded forward just as a tiger hit the road which an instant before had been occupied with the buggy and its human freight.

Jackals roamed about the house in the jungle we were in, often coming on to the porch. It was an ideal location from which to reach the small villages to carry the "Good News." An aggressive evangelistic work went on all through the "cold season" and the work was rewarded by many turning from idols to serve the Living God. An orphanage had been an important part of the work since famine days, and many of the best native evangelists connected with the mission had grown up on the compound.

After spending two weeks in this delightful atmosphere, we reluctantly went on our way, not

expecting to see their faces again. However, later in the season, Esther Baird came to Calcutta, where we then were after having seen Agra, Delhi and other places of historical interest. She had come to Calcutta on business bent. The time for her furlough and that of a colleague was drawing near, and their going would leave the force at Nowgong pitifully small—only three Americans and two of these not yet able to speak the language, and due to depart for Language School, which would leave Margaret Smith, the remaining member of the staff, quite alone. Upon this brave woman fell the task of "carrying on" almost single handed, for the young people referred to were away during all the "hot season." Margaret Smith was a woman after Miss Baird's own heart. When the right time came she would muster her forces—native evangelists and other helpers—get together the equipment necessary for long absence, load the bullock cart and fare forth into the jungle for weeks of intensive evangelistic meetings.

As it was thought dangerous for us to remain on the plains, being unaccustomed to the intense heat of India, we had gone to Srinagar, Kashmir, in May, where we dwelt in a houseboat on the Jhelum river, moving from place to place as was necessary, even there, to avoid the heat. When the time came for returning to India it was our intention to go direct to Calcutta, and from there take a boat for Rangoon, Burma, in order to see something of the mission work in which our mother had all her life been vitally interested. "Ann of Ava," the story

of Ann Judson, had fired our interest afresh and our journeying seemed incomplete without a visit to Burma. As we considered, our mind was turned again toward Nowgong and the Friends' Mission—why, we knew not. We did not wish to spend another "hot season" in India, and the time remaining of the "cold season" seemed none too much for what was in our mind to do. However, we could not get rest from the urge again to visit Nowgong, and finally wrote to Miss Smith telling her of our concern. Her reply was not encouraging. She wrote that, for the first time, the little town was experiencing the scourge of bubonic plague. When first the doctors had so pronounced the trouble the natives had flocked to the railroad station until the "powers that be" had prohibited any person from leaving the plague stricken spot; by the same authority no one was allowed to come into the town. She who had borne the heat and burden of the hot days was now having the help of the young missionaries who had been at Language School.

Somehow we could not get the consent of our spirit to "pass by on the other side," and so waited until permission was given that, with due precautions, it would be safe for us to enter. Of the days and weeks that followed, for we stayed four, we can hardly bear to write. Margaret Smith, still a young woman, gave her life for India. With her furlough due, she refused to go home and leave the work short-handed, and the heart that beat with such true devotion for her colleagues and India sud-

denly stopped in May, 1928. In a few minutes she "was not, for God took her."

While we could do little to help as far as the real work was concerned, still He had sent us and there was a purpose in it. In India, meal hours are different from at home; before rising, "chota hazra," "small breakfast," is served, and consists of fruit, toast and tea; then about ten-thirty the regular breakfast, very much like our luncheon; and in the middle of the afternoon, "tea," something more substantial than what we call by that name, is served; later in the day, dinner. It was as we sat at the table at "tea" each day that our friend unbosomed herself. Looking out of the door in the early mornings we would see Margaret's pith hat in the far distance of the compound as she was making the rounds. Not until the tea hour was she able to relax and tell us the thing which was on her heart. That she was feeling the strain of the long days of aloneness, so far as any person of her own tongue and color was concerned, it was easy to see. We felt the urge of just listening, and one day, in telling of the work, she mentioned the crying need of a residence at Harpulpur. A great future for evangelizing the surrounding country was before them; the women were clamoring to be taught to sew; the dispensary work, carried on all through the thirty and more years, needed enlargement, but funds were lacking for the building of a larger dispensary.

Then it was that the Spirit revealed more perfectly the purpose of God, and we saw that by

practising a little economy the funds so conserved could be used to build the kind of shelter that was evidently in the mind of our friend. Being fully persuaded that this was the thing He intended, we delayed not to communicate the news. A cable to the home bas brought back consent to the project, and from that time diversion was not lacking, for the building went up rapidly and was quite finished before the senior missionary returned to her loved work.

When again, in 1926, we visited the Friends' Mission we found a flourishing work going on at Harpulpur, and, what was of far greater importance, the addition of three fine workers—Rev. Merrill and Mrs. Coffin, evangelists with a notable record for soul saving in the homeland, had, with their three children, accompanied Miss Baird when she returned from furlough; and a doctor to develop the work at Chuttepore, an outstation fifteen miles distant from the home base, which had been manned only by native converts heretofore, made up a staff of efficient consecrated workers.

When Bishop Thoburn, one of the pioneer missionaries to India, was asked why he traveled third-class, he replied—"Because there is no fourth." Twice only did we travel first-class while in Oriental countries—both times on a second-class ticket, accommodation not being available in the second-class compartment on account of heavy travel. Any comfort or convenience sacrificed for His sake brings returns in eternal values.

UNDER HIS UNFAILING GUIDANCE

Our third memorable visit was to Miss Amy Wilson Carmichael, who had for many years carried on a work for "Temple Girls" at Dohnavur, Tinnevelly, S. India, which was attracting wide attention, and whose writings we had read with keenest interest.

Having, as we fully believed, completed the purpose for which He had the second time sent us to Nowgong, we hastened on, if by any means we might include Dohnavur in our itinerary, the time now being short, as passage for China had been booked for early February. Upon reaching Calcutta, we at once made arrangements for the voyage to Burma, and in a short time were "on the road to Mandalay." If "the flying fishes played," we were too ill to take notice, but once our feet had touched land we were ready for whatever might lie before us.

ADONIRAM AND ANN JUDSON

Both Christmas and the New Year were spent in that land with which the names of Adoniram and Ann Judson must ever be associated. To attempt to describe our feelings when we visited the very spot where he had spent so many weary days and nights in the foul jail where he was, like the Apostle Paul, imprisoned for the sake of the Gospel; to traverse the road over which he dragged his weak body, after his miraculous discharge, in search of

the wife who, from weeks of heartbreaking anxiety on her husband's account, was worn beyond further effort, and whom he finally found nearly dead from lack of food, and worry; to really live again the scenes with which we were familiar from much reading concerning the lives of those heroic, consecrated, pioneer missionaries—no words are adequate, and so we must just hasten on to our next "exploit," the visit to Dohnavur, which we were sorely tempted to omit when we learned the hardship involved in reaching the place.

Situated on the very edge of S. India, specially for the protection of the precious children rescued from a fate worse than death, twenty-seven miles from the railroad station, twenty of which were to be covered by motor and the remaining seven by bullock cart, the journey was one which the flesh shrank from undertaking. But we were held to His purpose, though as we went mile after mile through an uncharted wilderness with the only human being for miles and miles around a shrivelled, half-naked native, who could not speak a word of English—no more could we utter a syllable in his dialect—floundering into one bog after another, for the rains had been copious and recent, we wondered whether we should ever reach the "desired haven." After fording streams, existing only directly after the torrential downpour of Indian skies, we arrived. What we saw convinced us that we had not been mistaken in our estimate of the work at Dohnavur. Well might it be said: "God was in the midst of her," and on all sides as well. The Dohnavur books are

too well known for us to attempt a description of the work. It is that which follows which concerns us now.

Our visit, though brief, left a deep impression, one which remained, and we thanked God that He had strengthened us to make the effort which resulted in the following sequel, and "much more."

COLOMBO

Arriving at Colombo, we found a great mass of letters awaiting our attention, so that it was necessary that we give ourselves intently to the task of letter writing. However, the thought of what we had witnessed of His love and power was like a minor strain of music, and our thoughts turned again and again in prayer and praise to the place where He so manifestly was dwelling in the midst. After some time it came to us to send a "thank-offering." A pressure of correspondence delayed doing so until one morning, upon awakening, the Spirit said, "Do it to-day," and before rising we had promised Him that the delayed check should be our first task upon beginning the day's work. As we sat with pen in hand, after writing in the body of the check, about to enclose it, our eye caught the blank at the left-hand corner of the slip of paper which is for the purpose of designating for what the check is to be used. The thought flashed through our mind, "it does not matter; Miss Carmichael will know just what to do with it." Almost without our own volition the pen traced the words, "For the Holiday Fund." A chapter under that

heading, taken from "Tables in the Wilderness," tells the rest of the story:

"FOR THE HOLIDAY FUND"

That money order sent off so that it reached us just in time to assure us that for this boylet, at any rate, all was well, was only one of several similar happy things which made our spring a time of songs.

One morning—how well I remember the feeling of heat creeping up from the ground, sure sign of the hot weather near—Freda Murch, a dear new comrade, and I were talking over the hot weather plans for the family. We are so many, now that the matter of settling comfortably for all is complicated. Counting Indian and English workers, evangelistic and all sorts, there are many who need a rest and change at least once a year. And how to fit all in and yet carry on a work which never grows less for a day is a baffling question. For children do not hibernate in heat as we sometimes wish they did; nor do souls cease to need tending; nor is there any question of an armistice. There is no discharge in *this* war.

So Freda with a pencil in hand was noting down the various proposals, and we were trying to work one in with another, so that each should have a rest and yet no one be overwhelmed because so many had to be away. Apart from those who can be fitted into the forest houses, there are some who require the still colder air of the Nilgherry Hills. But these hill expenses are now double what they used to be, and train fares are double.

It did not make any difference in our thought that most have private means which cover such expenses, for all count themselves and all they have as only so much wine which it is joy to pour out on the sacrifice and service. Costly holidays meant less for the children, whether the bills were paid on the Dohnavur account or not. But then our Father knew. Of these thoughts I said nothing; for F. M. was new to our ways and I did not want to suggest even the whisper that there could be a question about this rather expensive change where it was needed. It was needed. That settled it. The promise covers needs.

But even after all these years the letter that came at breakfast was a surprise. Can one ever get accustomed to these blessed, these tenderest ways of the Lord? It is not just kindness, it is loving-kindness. The letter was from one who had spent a day with us on her way to Ceylon. The letter had been posted three days before in Colombo. In it was a draft for one hundred dollars and crossed at the foot of the draft was written in bold, clear writing—I can see it now—*"for the holiday fund."*

Telepathy? But the question of holidays had not been touched while she was with us. I had not thought of them till that morning. Can telepathy work backwards? Are three days nothing to it?

Oh, it is only to the Lord our God, King of Eternity, that questions of time matter nothing at all. Again and again we are led straight to this:

"It is the Lord: The Lord knoweth the thoughts of men, and as for His which are to usward they cannot be reckoned up."

SEQUEL SECOND

While headquarters for the World Wide Revival Prayer Movement were in Shanghai we received a "Thank Offering" from one who had been greatly blessed by reading *Ragland—Pioneer.* The gift was in English pounds. At that time the pound was below par and, being anxious to realize as much as possible for "Dohnavur," we bought rupees with our Mexican money, thereby getting a better rate of exchange. The pounds were placed in my desk, where they remained for some months. Quite unexpectedly and suddenly we were reminded of a retired lady missionary in England. Without her address we waited several days "trying the spirits" and then sent the amount to a friend of the mission to which she had belonged, asking that the money be sent to her.

Her letter of acknowledgment follows:

MY DEAR MRS. W.,

Great was my surprise to find what was inside of my registered envelope from China last week! Is it really for me? If so, I do want to send you my very loving thanks for this generous gift! It is most kind of you to remember me in such a way! And I am sure I cannot tell why, unless our Father put it into your heart. I take it as from His hand and am deeply grateful. Shall I tell you a little secret to show you how He plans surprises for us and (I think) why He sent me just that

amount? I had this text given me before I left China and I have been watching for His fulfilment of same:

"He will silently plan for thee."

I had forwarded a little "nest egg" to "someone," which I meant to use in England, when I came home; when I asked for it I found it had been spent, at least a third had. I left it and only lately asked for the balance and found that gone, too! This "someone" was in need and fully hoped to pay it back when I should ask for it; but the opportunity to make it up had never come! However, the Lord knew, and, before I knew about it, He must have put it into your heart to send just that amount, because, on receiving it, the thought came to me, "Why that amount?" and "Why have I had this?" When I wrote to this "someone" and found it gone, then I knew "Why" and how "He had planned." I think it so wonderful! "He only doeth wondrous things" and "worketh wonders" had come to me very strongly, too, in my morning reading one day before all this; and He must have chosen you as His instrument to supply this need.

"And it shall come to pass, that before they call, I will answer" (Isa. lxv. 24).

"When I came to a place of testing where my faith was most needed, I found it gradually going; then I learned to look less at my faith and depend more upon God."—*Hudson Taylor.*

Are there any rivers you think are impassable?
Are there any mountains you cannot tunnel through?
God specializes in the wholly impossible—
Doing the things which man cannot do.

CHAPTER II

"FOLLOW ME"

WELL it may be said of those first twenty months, divided between Japan, China and the Philippine Islands, that step by step "as thou goest the way will upon up before you."

For the mission upon which we were bent, that of seeing missionary work "close up," was not in the least of our own planning. We had been making preparation for closing our house and spending the winter in the far south, when He arrested us with the words: "I will send thee far hence."

The summer of 1919 was spent at Karuisawa, the lovely summer resort in Japan where many missionaries of various denominations go for a brief respite from the terrific heat of the plains. It was there, at the close of the regular summer conference, that Mr. A. Paget Wilkes, of the Japan Evangelistic Band, delivered a series of lectures which later appeared in book form, *The Dynamic of Service,* which God gave us the privilege of starting on the high road to success, and which has been an incentive to aggressive soul winning in thousands of lives. We once wrote to Mr. Wilkes in relation to his work: "barring your views on entire sanctification." He replied that the doctrine was ac-

countable for all that his life meant for God and His service. However, Mr. Wilkes forgave us the criticism, and after *The Dynamic of Service* had passed into the third edition and hundreds had been blessed, he wrote us: "But for your encouragement the book would never have been published." It was our happy privilege to send out thousands of copies of the book in connection with the World Wide Revival Prayer Movement literature. We returned from the Philippine Islands to Shanghai on the *Empress of Asia* in May of 1920, and had for cabin companions two ladies who were Christians, the only time in our many crossings we have been so favored. The elder of these showed us a small paper-bound book which she was reading, and said that it was wonderful. The book was *God's Dealings With Dora Yu*—a name only at the time.

The summer of that year was spent at Kuling, the largest summer resort in China. It was the year when Dr. Griffith Thomas and Mr. Charles Trumbull were the important speakers at the great Conference, a yearly feature, and also when the forming of the Bible Union of China took place. Memorable, too, it was in other respects, the most important being that my path crossed that of Dr. Henry M. Woods, one of the "chief men" in the formation of the Bible Union. Three years later we were married in Shanghai.

Of experiences in the interior of China much could be said, but we will omit such, and hasten to the great port city of Shanghai where it was destined we were to meet the writer of the book men-

tioned, Miss Dora Yu, and from that day until the present time the "bond in the Holy Spirit" has held us so close that she once said, "I believe the Spirit reveals to you what He wants to do with me before I know myself." At least in one instance this proved true, and of this we will tell in the following chapter.

"AS AN EAGLE STIRRETH UP HER NEST"

It was of this dear friend, Dora Yu, that our thoughts were so frequently occupied in the winter of 1926-7. Again and again we wakened in the night in real concern, such as one knows is Spirit-wrought. After weighing the matter most prayerfully, feeling that we dare not delay longer in discharging the obligation laid upon us without "Woe is me if I do not," a letter was written in which that "which we had received" was laid before her. It was simply this, that it appeared plain to us she was to relinquish the Bible School with its varied cares and trials, and devote her time wholly to evangelistic work, for which God had so wonderfully fitted her and for which there was so great need. This was the substance of the letter sent off in February, 1927. As soon as it was possible a reply came, and we were tempted to regret having written and to put it down as a mistake—yet something strengthened us in the belief that we, and not our precious friend's letter, had been right, for she was as nearly "righteously indignant" with us as it would be possible for one

whose love and friendship were founded upon the Rock. Did we not know the wonderful way in which God had called her to this particular work, and how miraculously He had provided funds for the buildings and the needs as they had risen during the many years the work had been in existence? . . . In short, she just could not get our viewpoint, and we wrote and told her that, of course, the final decision rested with her, and so it *seemed* to end.

One month later, China was in revolt; missionaries were obliged to flee from their stations, terrible things occurred, soldiers overran the land, Kiangwan, where Miss Yu's school was situated, was the center of conflict. She, with others, fled to Shanghai, where British protection was in force. Her property, several buildings in all, was confiscated. The beautiful Bethlehem Chapel stabled the soldiers' horses. Letters telling of the horrors experienced by both Chinese and foreigners reached us in due time, and again we were stirred to write and urge the importance of getting away from the turmoil and strife, suggesting that our friend meet us in England in time to attend the Keswick Conference in early July. Upon this suggestion she acted. Her experiences had affected her health. Friends of long standing, one a close relative of the general in command at Shanghai, came to her help, speeding her on the way, making arrangements for the protection of her property and workers, so that on June 4th she was able to sail, with a mind at leisure from all cares. After a few weeks with

friends in Vancouver, at the China Inland Mission, and also Toronto, where no little kindness was shown, she proceeded to England via Montreal.

Her address at the Keswick Convention was thought by some to be the most worth while of any speaker that year. We did not arrive in time to hear her. Mrs. Penn-Lewis, who attended for the last time that year, and others "held up her hands" in devout prayer as she pleaded for her "ain country," that only those who were rooted and grounded in the Faith, holding the Truth in love, and the Bible as the inspired Word of God from Genesis to Revelation, should be sent forth to the great land of China and other mission fields.

From Keswick she went to Ireland, and from that time until April, 1928, she made known the riches of His grace throughout Great Britain. Reaching the United States, it became apparent that a doctor must be consulted; a lump on the left side was causing much pain and making it very difficult for her to use her arm. The verdict was cancer and an immediate operation. Knowing the heart condition would not allow of taking an anæsthetic she was on the point of returning to China at once, her beloved motherland. We made a hurried motor trip to East Orange, where she was staying with old and loving friends, and after earnest prayer with her we believed it was not His time for her to leave the United States. A few days later she came to our home in Ventnor and began to improve at once. A little later she went to friends in Philadelphia and was so much helped that in July she was able to

cross the continent, taking speaking engagements in many large centers—Chicago, Spokane, San Franciso, Pasadena and other places—sailing from Vancouver in November *in better health than she had known for thirty years!* Evangelism is now her main objective, God having set His seal to this. Friends in England have provided a fund for this purpose, not a great amount but a substantial "earnest," which God will add unto as she goes forward in His plan for China through her.

"For though I made you sorry with a letter I do not repent."

FROM A FAR COUNTRY

About the same time that we became acquainted with Dora Yu another contact left an indelible impress. We were then turning in thought toward America and home, but we must first see Peking, stopping *en route* at several places where urgent invitation to visit had been received. Going to Nanking Road on a shopping expedition—the street which contains as many fascinating shops as the Rue de l'Opera in Paris—we called at a jewelery store to get a watch which had been repaired. As we waited for the article to be wrapped, our eye caught a tray full of jade and other attractive adornments. We inquired the price of several as the obliging Chinese salesman displayed them for our benefit, and more especially his. The proprietor presently appeared and with great tact pointed out the various desirable features—and that we were tempted to purchase we shall not here deny—

however, we resisted the baubles, saying we would think about the "bargains" offered and possibly call again. That evening, while at supper at the Missionary Home where we made our headquarters, an attendant brought to the table at which we sat an elderly gentlemen who, she explained, had just disembarked after á long journey, having come from South Africa, intending to attend the World's Sunday School Convention then in session in Tokio, Japan. There were several others at the long table, and all being interested, questions were asked such as common interest and courtesy demanded. Very soon the stranger let us know that he was in straits, his chief concern being how to continue his journey and arrive in Tokio in time for the Convention; this was Thursday and it had begun the previous Monday. (Let me say here that if anyone into whose hands this book may come should find a discrepancy in dates, will such kindly remember that no written record has been kept of the incidents which make up the book, and that "memory's cold storage" must be responsible for dates as the Spirit brought to remembrance the different records of His working.) Inquiry had brought the discouraging information that there would be no boat sailing for Yokohama for some days, and even if such were available the great gathering, which was his objective when he left South Africa, would be nearly, if not quite, dispersed before his arrival. It was at this point that we suggested going by rail, to which Mr. G—— replied that he had not so much as heard there was such a way. Having made the

trip overland less than a year before we could speak with authority, and we assured him that he could use this means of transportation and still be in time for the last part of the Convention. To all of which he listened attentively, but was so strangely reticent concerning the probability of so continuing that we were sure there was a reason for it, and conveyed our impression to a friend sitting near, adding that we would finance the journey if this were the meaning of the silence on the part of the voyager. As soon as supper was finished we "cornered" the stranger and inquired more intimately concerning his circumstances. With real reluctance he then revealed the true state of affairs; he had started from South Africa early in August, had been shipwrecked, and had had other unavoidable delays less serious, which accounted for the money stringency. He further told us that he had been engaged in missionary work for forty years and this was his second furlough; that he had already spent twice the amount calculated to be sufficient for all possible needs, and the expensive overland trip seemed quite beyond him, and that fellow missionaries were eagerly awaiting his return with an account of the great Convention and the inspiration of it. How thankfully we recalled the *resisted jewels,* which made it possible to use the money they would have cost in a much better way—a way we felt sure would be pleasing to God—when at ten o'clock that night we went to the station and purchased a through ticket for Yokohama. The following morning at an early hour our friend de-

parted rejoicing, and reached the desired haven in due time, where he met Mr. Charles Trumbull, who was one of the chief speakers there, and other friends, who put him in the way of getting a full report of all the proceedings from the first day of the Convention. Such a joyful letter reached us after his return to South Africa, where his colleagues were able to share in the inspiration he carried back with him.

"What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles."

A MISSIONARY MOTHER

During the interval in the homeland, after the long period spent in the countries directly reached by crossing the Pacific Ocean, it devolved upon us to discharge numerous obligations in connection with mission work which had been visited and which had made a heart appeal. The China Inland Mission missionaries had shown us much kindness, and their speciality, evangelism, appealed to us strongly. This body of missionaries give themselves to prayer and the preaching of the Word intensively. A former missionary, who had been a member of the C. I. M., and was the daughter of a famous London preacher of a prominent denomination, told us that her father, though a great churchman, not only consented but was eager for her to become a member of the C. I. M., as he con-

sidered it the most Apostolic mission in existence —and one who has read the life of its founder, Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, as told in two compelling volumes, must admit that it is a work of faith. Through all the years the basic principle has not altered; prayer is given precedence over all other means of obtaining men and money to carry on a work which through the years God has so honored that its borders extend to the remotest parts of the great land of China.

One such station, in an old city of forty or fifty thousand inhabitants, had a thriving work carried on by the only white people there, the missionary and his wife, with whom we had spent several days on one of the interior itineraries. Their only child was away at school in Chefoo, where the great educational work for missionaries' children is located. At the time of which we write exchange was abnormal, and fluctuated from day to day in a most distressing manner. We were anxious to get as good a rate as possible and made inquiry at different banking houses. At last, after having been offered a certain rate, which we declined, saying that we had been offered more at another institution, we were asked to wait until the Hongkong and Shanghai Bank in New York could be communicated with. This resulted in a much better rate of exchange than we had at all anticipated. On the amount which we had exchanged we found the margin over and above what we had first been offered was *just the amount we had mentally promised* to send the C. I. M. friend. We there-

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fore transmitted the amount at once, instead of waiting until later, as we had expected to be obliged to do.

One of the great pleasures to parents and children, separated as is necessary on account of the school situation in Oriental countries, is the reunion at the holiday season. Our friends had brought their boy to Shanghai, where he joined a group, properly chaperoned, for the further journey to Chefoo. Before arrangements could be made for the return to their station the husband fell sick, and the doctor's bill consumed the capital in hand, which was intended to defray expenses to Chefoo the following summer, to be with their young son, and also to escape for a brief period the heat.

The letter of acknowledgment told us that the very day our letter with the draft arrived, the sick man had said to his wife, "it does not now seem possible that we can be with —— next summer; the funds have all been used during this illness and we shall just have to give it up." Any mother who reads these pages will understand the heart sorrow with which these words were received. And then, within an hour, God had supplied funds sufficient for the holiday expenses. Surely our God is not unmindful of the work of faith and labor of love of His children, and He remembereth our frame and is pitiful and of tender mercy.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

AN S. O. S.

Almost immediately after reaching home in August, 1926—we had started from Shanghai in December, 1925—invitations to speak in various places reached us, but of only one will I make mention here. This was destined to be one of the means employed to bring about issues of eternal value.

Dr. Woods accepted an invitation to deliver a series of lectures at Princeton Theological Seminary the last week in January, 1927. I had become acquainted, through correspondence, with a lady whose son was attending the seminary, and who wrote me that her boy was at the "cross roads," so to speak, in his spiritual life. He had written to his mother that Dr. Woods, of Atlantic City, was lecturing to the students, and she had sent an S. O. S. to me, asking that I write my husband to see J—— if possible. In the two or three letters exchanged—the lectures began on Monday and her letter reached me on Wednesday at one o'clock—we had found the mails were not very regular, due, probably, to stormy weather. As there were to be only five lectures, and my husband was due home on Friday evening, I realized that he must know of this need at the earliest possible moment, and had pen and paper ready to write, when a check came, and knowing that this meant something important, I waited and was reminded of the possibility of reaching him with a "Night Letter," which carries a guarantee of delivery early the following morn-

ing. Very carefully the fifty words were written, every one weighed, for was not this the King's business? The message sent, my mind was in perfect peace. The following, a copy of the letter sent by the boy to his mother after the interview took place, gives convincing proof that the Spirit reminds and guides in every detail:

Princeton, N. J.,
January 31, 1927.

MY DEAR MOTHER,

Many things have happened since I last wrote you. It is surprising how much can take place in a few days. It is late and I must get to bed, but I will try to touch on the high spots in the few minutes I have. I received your letter Thursday morning. At the beginning of the week H. B. had asked me to go out with a deputation team of Student Volunteers. I told him I would go, and afterward thought I would go back and decline because of the state of mind I had been in for some time. I thought I had better not go out as a Student Volunteer if I was wavering in my own mind as to my call to the foreign field. I was attending Dr. Woods' lectures every evening, which only made the turmoil all the worse. Then Thursday I received your letter and read it prayerfully. You mentioned the fact that you were praying for me that I might hear God's voice saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it." Well, I finished reading your letter and sat meditating on it. You suggested that I go to see Dr. Woods, and I was planning how I might do it. I did not know where he was staying, and there was not time after the lecture to see him. While I was thinking and praying that the Lord would definitely guide me, suddenly I was startled by a knock at the door. I called as usual, "Come in," but there was no response. Then I arose and opened the door.

There stood Dr. Woods. I invited him into the room, rather taken aback. "I just received a letter from my mother," I began, "asking me to try to see you." "Is that so," he replied, "I just received a message from my wife in Atlantic City telling me to look you up." Then he started right in—"My, I'd like to see you in China," and as clear as Paul's Macedonian call I heard God's voice behind his and then and there the burden rolled off. At last light had come and a great peace swept me. I can never forget the joy of that moment of surrender when I let all ambition go. My one desire now is to do the will of my Father. I may not get to the foreign field, but at any rate that is my aim now, God willing. Toward that mark I press from now on.

Praise God with me for this glorious answer to prayer. No, I see no chance in that incident. *God does lead definitely.*

Does not this little story reveal the minuteness with which the Holy Spirit attends to our affairs and His?

"Say not my soul, from whence can God relieve thy care,
Remember that Omnipotence hath servants everywhere.
His methods are complete, His ways sublimely grand,
God never is before His time, and never is behind."

"TRUST IN THE LORD WITH ALL THY HEART"

"Open confession is good for the soul" is an old proverb. No doubt in most cases this is true. It does not follow that "open confession" is not costly to pride. We not only like to have others think well of us, but we like to think well of ourselves, as the following goes to prove:

When we left the 1926 Keswick Convention neither Dr. Woods nor myself had the least thought of ever again attending. For years we had looked forward to the possibility of being present at one of these famed gatherings, and in the good providence of our God there had been the consummation of the desire, and we were well content.

It was, therefore, with great surprise that we were made to know that it was His purpose to send us back there the following summer. The impression came and would not be dissipated. We waited, and the conviction deepened until there was left no room for doubt, and we engaged passage in March for sailing early in July, 1927.

One thing was needful, and that the renting of our home to finance the "expedition." This seemed a comparatively small detail. During the years spent in the Orient property values in the locality in which our house is situated had risen very considerably, and consequently "cottagers" were anxious to secure premises in this desirable location. We were informed that prices for the summer season had advanced greatly, and that they had been fixed and were not to be lowered at the pleasure of the owners. Early in the season a "prospective tenant" came to inspect the house, and in the course of conversation said that the time for which he desired to occupy was from July 6th until early September. The "still small voice" spoke saying that this was the very length of time for which we wished to vacate. As we considered the whole proposition, everything was favorable to the

plan we had in mind, except the price, which was considerably less than we had been instructed to consider, and so, with a feeling of reluctance, we refused. Weeks passed, and nothing happened. Houses on all sides of us were renting—not a person came even to inquire about ours. May passed; June was nearly gone. We were constantly reminding the Lord of His promise contained in a lovely illuminated text, a gift from Mrs. Beresford Baker, of Dover, England, with whom we had spent some weeks upon reaching England, after our long months on sea and land:

"He knows, He loves, He cares,
Nothing this truth can dim;
He gives His very best to those
Who leave the choice to Him."

Many times I went into the room where this motto hangs and read it aloud, each time reminding the Lord of His obligation to choose a tenant, wholly unmindful of disobeying Him, but rather priding myself on what, in my mind, I termed "consideration for my friends." More than once I told the Lord how good I was—seeking to throw all responsibility for the unanswered prayers upon Him. Then one day, as I was going over the formula for the hundredth time or more, the Spirit spoke again, and in no gentle voice, but rather reprovingly: "How much longer are you going to tell *Me* of *your* goodness?" I was brought up sharply. He said: "Do you not remember that I desire truth in the inward parts? The thing that you call 'consideration for your friends' I call 'the

fear of man.' " I saw at once that I had been dishonouring my Lord, and confessed my sin and was forgiven.

A missionary of long years of service in China, in writing of her experience when she came into the realization of sanctification, says: "Works and reputation make a hard resting place. I was a born liar." I am sure that lying is the most prevalent of all sins among Christians, and next to lying is the sin of covetousness. As soon as I confessed that I had *lied*—for that is what it had amounted to in the eyes of Him who searcheth throughout the whole world to find those whose hearts are perfect toward Him—He showed Himself strong. Two days later a "long distance call" came from some people in a western city, asking one of the agents to secure a cottage for them from July 6th to September. Our cottage was just what they desired. Another "long distance" message was sent from this point, and within two hours all details were arranged, and on July 9th we sailed from New York for Southampton. Of what resulted from the weeks that followed this is not the place to tell; enough to say, "He did marvels."

"The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me."

CHAPTER III

THE HALF CAN NEVER BE TOLD

UPON our return to the States, after an absence of five years, we were impressed and *depressed* with the increase in worldliness and lawlessness—we had not lived in an isolated province in China, but for nearly three years in the great port city of Shanghai. The Chinese Bible Encyclopædia, upon which my husband was working, demanded residence near the Commercial Press, and also qualified helpers,—scholars were more readily obtained there. The spiritual shock to our sensibilities could not, therefore, be attributed to other causes than those named: the abounding of godlessness.

Our spirit was stirred within us, and like one of old we cried, "We have no might or power against this great host of evil—undertake for us." The following winter we opened our home, one day each week, for prayer and fasting—the last not compulsory by any means, just as the friends assembled individually inclined. A goodly number of those who believe that God is still able to quicken the "dry bones" attended; among the number who lent aid by prayer to this end was a young minister —quite recently come to the city and who, having

met his God in a very vital way, was far from content with prevailing conditions in the churches.

It was through his instrumentality that the desire to publish *The Half Can Never Be Told* was crystallized. As related elsewhere, *The Power of Prayer,* a detailed record of the revival of 1857-1858, *had been wafted to us from far off India*—the owner, Rev. J. R. Ward, having heard of this movement of the Spirit through our dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kehl, of Calcutta, and keen on spreading the message of His saving grace, believing the publication would mean much "for such a time as this," entrusted the small, threadbare-covered copy to us. "This also cometh forth from the Lord of Hosts which is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working." At one of the meetings some of the incidents of the great Revival, as set forth in the small volume, were given; afterward the young pastor referred to asked for the loan of the book, which was granted. In the meantime, more and more impressed with the value of the striking incidents as given by Dr. Prime, the author, we wrote to the Editor of the *Sunday School Times,* asking if it would be possible for him to use the material in that valuable paper, which has such an extensive circulation. Mr. Trumbull replied that, while the suggestion made a special appeal on account of the relationship of Dr. Prime to his family, he was obliged to forgo the privilege of giving it place in the paper on account of other matter already arranged for. Within a few days our young ministerial friend came, bringing the book;

his face indicated that *something unusual had taken place,* before he uttered a word. Almost his first comment was: "I have never read anything like this book—it is like the Acts of the Apostles, where can I get a copy—I want to re-read it." We were obliged to tell him that the copy he held in his hand was probably the last in existence. With real disappointment he then said, "Why, I would give five dollars for a copy; is there no way to get one?" We replied that it would be impossible to obtain a copy. Then it was that the Spirit prompted us to speak of the demand for a reprint of the very tiny booklet—which we published directly after the revival in Shanghai—and that this would leave no surplus of funds for anything more in that line, though we should be delighted to make available the message which had been such a blessing to him. "Why not combine the two, *deleting* much of detail which is not vital?" was Mr. B.'s query. To make a long story short, that is just what we did—and as he wrote the Introduction to the first editions—which later was replaced by the "Testimony" in order to save expense, for any additional matter means the setting of type, which we have learned is to be avoided wherever possible without loss to His cause—it seems appropriate to give excerpts from that Introduction here.

"The cause of our problem is a simple one and the solution is just as simple. *The wise* have set about to explain the Church problem on the bases of some high-sounding phrases.

"Denominationalism has gone mad in its construction of machinery to propagate their enterprises. We have boards for this and boards for that. We have committees for this and committees for that. Individuals hustle about who represent these boards, and tell us how to do things and only leave in their wake suggestions. Talk, literature, talk, literature *ad infinitum.* So, on the whole, the spectacle is presented that our Church machinery is the busiest thing doing nothing that could possibly be constructed. We make much ado about nothing. What the Christian Church needs to-day is some Robinson Crusoe who will be brave enough to show us how little it needs of organization to get along with—some one who will lead the Church 'back to the simple life.'

"The Christian Church from its inception has been a supernatural institution. Christ said that *He would build it and has given us the Holy Spirit to further it.* But Satan has ensnared man into thinking that he must build it and he must construct machinery to make it go. Thus man has succeeded in ruling the supernatural almost entirely out of the Church. Organization and machinery is perfectly proper, provided it is brought about through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and provided it does not displace the Holy Spirit. We must wait for the Lord, not run before Him. We must seek His will and do it if we would have the blessing of the Almighty upon the Church. He must increase in the progress of events and man must decrease.

"If the Church is a supernatural institution then we must *get in touch* with the *source of its power.* The source is Christ. Christ can only be reached through prayer. If the Church is to be a living thing it must live through prayer. Prayer is its means of securing life and power.

"Can it be done by prayer? That is a pertinent question. We will not argue. We will not theorize. We will just repeat that it has been done. It has been efficacious in the past and in recent days. That is the purpose of this little book—to stimulate our memories by way of remembrance. There is nothing original in this work. We have simply condensed other works. We owe our debt of gratitude to S. J. Prime, D.D., for *The Power of Prayer,* and Arthur B. Strickland, for *The Revival with a Million Converts,* and Mrs. Henry M. Woods, for *The Half Can Never Be Told.* These works are full of romance of revival and we have endeavored to bring some of the enthusiasm to you.

"We are especially indebted to Dr. and Mrs. Henry M. Woods for making this volume possible. Through ardent prayer they were led to have it published, and through their generosity it is passed on to you. May you receive it and read it in a prayerful manner. This work only claims the *excellence of His power.*

"Let the Christian Church be forced to a Prayer Revival and all the problems of to-day will disappear and once more the preciousness of the Cross and the power of God will save souls. Without prayer, without the Holy Spirit, we labor in vain. Prayer

of praise, prayer of confession, prayer of intercession, prevailing prayer will change things.

A FELLOW-WORKER IN THE MINISTRY OF INTERCESSION."

"THE IRON DID SWIM"

"Prayer moves the hand that moves the world,
To send salvation down."

Another link had been forged in the long chain of circumstances, and the result was that our mind became more fully alive to that which we now realized to be His purpose. Unfamiliar with matter before us, i.e. that of dealing with the publication of a book, we turned the project over and over in our mind, wondering how it could be accomplished with the least expenditure of time and money. While so occupied—the solution growing worse rather than better so far as our limited judgment was concerned—the telephone rang. Upon taking down the receiver we heard the familiar voice of Mr. Peter Stam, manager of the *Sunday School Times* publishing department. He informed us that *unexpectedly* he had been obliged to come to Atlantic City and after transacting some important business in his line would like to call upon us. Again our God had undertaken, and we hopefully awaited his coming, "supposing" that we would be able to arrange with him for the publication of the book. Upon arrival, having poured into his sympathetic ear our hopes and fears, we were told that the

Times was just about to discontinue the publishing department. Further inquiry revealed that he had indeed been sent of God, for he not only gave us the name of the Evangelical Press, which has from the first contact until now assumed the "big brother" attitude to the work, but offered personally to take up the matter with them and get the best price possible on the printing, which he did with great success. In order to expedite matters, as soon as the "manuscript" was ready, I made a personal trip to Harrisburg. The representative of the firm—which is a Christian enterprise—showed me no little kindness; his interest was very evident. In the course of conversation he suggested it might be well to copyright the book as it was possible another edition would be required. In less than two years the output here and in Britain has gone "over the top" to the extent of more than 100,000 copies, beside Spanish and Japanese editions already circulating. A German edition has long been under consideration, and it is our "expectation" that the consummation of the desire of many of His devout followers in Germany may soon be realized. The rapidity with which everything relating to the matter moved forward was truly astonishing. As an illustration of this, *the morning after our visit to the publishers,* the mail brought a "dummy," a bound "copy" of blank leaves, to show us just how it would appear when completed. By the same mail came a letter from Dr. Woods, who was away from home conducting meetings in the south, expressing gratification that the book was coming along so nicely and

adding a word of caution *re* the cover: "Be sure to have an attractive cover—either lavender or blue." We had selected a pretty grey stiff paper for this purpose; however, we wrote at once, as samples of lavender were among the colors shown us the day before; the change was made and the book came out in a "lavender dress," which proved to be one of the "all things," for a lady told us that the unusual cover led her to open the book, which she read with much spiritual profit. On July 1st, one week after the preparation for printing the book began, the little messenger was ready for distribution. Five hundred copies were sent to Keswick, England, for use at the Convention, and reached there the day it opened—almost, if not quite, as quickly as first-class mail travels! Messrs. Marshall Brothers and the Editor of THE LIFE OF FAITH, Mr. J. Kennedy Maclean, had evinced much interest in the W.W.R.P.M., which was quite equalled by that of Messrs. Morgan & Scott, who, as the publishers of Dr. Thomas Payne's remarkable books, *The Greatest Force on Earth, The Covenant Promise of the Father* and other of his writings, were especially active in circulating such literature as we were then making available. We were feeling the necessity for bringing out an edition of our small book for use in Great Britain and countries nearer her than the United States. Our natural inclination pointed to the firm of Messrs. Morgan & Scott for this purpose. After much prayer, "Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men show Thy choice," "and the lot fell" upon Marshall Brothers.

Within a comparatively short period the old-established firm of Morgan & Scott had been absorbed by Marshall Brothers! Long afterward we learned through one who had spent much time in England, and attended many revival meetings, while there, that Mr. Maclean is himself an ardent "Revivalist," going into the inquiry room and dealing with the unsaved in the after-meetings! After some weeks, we received a cable from these publishers asking for 10,000 copies, the first edition having been exhausted in an incredibly short time, and almost before we could recover from the surprise a second cable: "Demand unabated; shall we reprint 10,000 more?" With the thousands which had been distributed by different societies and individuals in the States we had cause for pause—the money angle must needs be considered. *The cable referred to came on* Tuesday, October 11th, about ten o'clock in the morning. At the Morning Watch hour I had been prompted to ask for "A token for good." Spreading the cable before God, we reminded Him of the need for His token, *knowing* that *He knew* the financial conditions and that we were being pressed in spirit about the wherewithal to "carry on." While we are told that "A willing mind is acceptable to the Lord," books must be paid for in the coin of the realm in which we are living. At three o'clock the post brought a letter. The envelope indicated it was from Japan. The writer had been loaned a copy of *Take This Child,* by Mary Warburton Booth, who has been chosen of God for a very wonderful work at Gorakhpur, N. India, for the salvation of child

widows and temple girls. She had received such a spiritual uplift that a copy for her very own was desired; also a list of names of friends was enclosed to whom she wished copies of the book to be sent and, wonders of wonders, a check for $13.00. Now, in all the years since the free book distribution was begun, nothing like this had ever happened, and, recognizing His "token for good," we thanked Him and took courage! Wednesday passed without any further evidence of His working. Thursday morning dawned and we realized that a reply must be sent. Was it to be "yes" or "no"? We believed He would answer—"Yes." Again our Morning Watch hour brought before us the assurance given to one of old, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this," and we laid hold for this. Nothing is impossible with our God! Bringing my Bible down to the living room—I should say that my husband was away all this time, serving his Church and his God—I made frequent stops at the opened page. About eleven o'clock the words were read again and faith hit the high-water mark. Instantly we turned to the telephone, called Western Union and gave this message: "Reprint ten thousand 'The Half,' 2 Chronicles 25:9, 1. c." All care was gone, and in the pressure of letter writing and other duties the matter seemed forgotten. At three o'clock of the day following the post brought another *providential* letter, this from a firm of lawyers in a city where I had lived for several years. During the nine years of my residence a most beautiful friendship existed between a lovely British lady and myself. While

summering at Kashmir, in 1922, the following letter, dated March 25th, was received. It reveals much as to the friendship which existed and it seems fitting to give it place here.

"DEAREST FRIEND: Somehow I have a fear this may never reach you, yet I send it on its way with the hope it may. It is a long time since a line has come from you, and I wonder much where you may be wandering. I wonder about your health, and a hundred other things, for, dear,—wherever you may be on land or sea, or whatever the outward conditions of life may be—my love will ever abide faithful and loyal, and my heart's deep desire is that some day I may be able to prove my loyalty, remembering, as I always do, what you did for Doctor and myself. I still have one of the beautiful gold coins you gave us that perfect Christmas—the others long since had to be used—this I cherish with great care; only under some great stress will I part with it. I love to think of you as when I last looked in your face, happy and bright you appeared."

Herself a gifted artist, the wife of a prominent and prosperous physician, living in "Millionaires' Row," such a thing as want had never been known by her and her husband. Years passed; the property values in that particular locality decreased; the "millionaires" removed to more desirable residential sections. Doctor S. was established—"rooted"—and to remove from the place where for more than a quarter of a century he had "healed the sick and comforted the broken-hearted" was unthinkable; and so they remained, though property went lower and lower, finally hitting "rock bottom." Then it was that a small mortgage was placed upon the loved

home. Some years before this disaster I had removed to another state. One day a letter came from my friend in which she alluded to this mortgage. The interest payment had fallen due and with great thankfulness she told of having the money with which to meet the obligation "to the very penny" —not one cent over. It was then suggested that we take this mortgage and allow our friends to enjoy their home as though no such "bugbear" existed, neither expecting nor exacting interest payments so long as either lived. Communicating this good news to our friends, they were scarcely able to believe their eyes when the message was read. Acting upon instructions, we sent the check for $6,500 direct to the "friend and counsellor" who was transacting the necessary business in connection with the transfer; alas! alas! unfaithful to his trust, he appropriated the whole amount. No recovery of the lost money seemed possible. But God! He makes "the iron to swim" to-day as in the long ago. There is nothing too hard for Him! The letter received that day, October 14th, informed me that a copy of the will of my friend, who died in September, and whom I had not seen for more than six years before she went to her reward, was enclosed and that I was among the beneficiaries. This really meant nothing so far as resulting in increased responsibility, for I had known of the "straitened" conditions of her last years and had helped, as I was able, to ease her last days. Running my eye down the typed page I came to a paragraph beginning: "To my dear friend, Grace K. Taylor, widow of

William F. Taylor, etc., etc." Upon writing for further information this proved to be the "Much more" promised, for, allowing for the lost money and the interest accruing during the fifteen years when "the axe lay at the bottom of the water," included in this the mortgage which still rests upon the property, though slightly reduced, and other incidentals there still remains "much more" than the cost of ten thousand of "The Half." Strangely enough, to our way of thinking, for our ways are not His ways, neither are our thoughts His thoughts, property values in the locality where my friend lived increased during my absence in Oriental countries, until the original value was reached, if not surpassed. His ways are past finding out in deed and in truth.

And what shall I say more, for time and space fail me in counting up His mercies and taking "stock" of His marvellous "laid-up goodness" which He has released as He saw we were ready to enter into His plan for World-Wide Revival—twice around the world—since "the iron was lost"?—covering a period of nearly seven years in Oriental countries, making observations—all summed up in the words, "The whole world groaneth and travaileth in pain," waiting redemption, a sign from heaven, a brought-down Revival of true religion from the Most High; not a worked-up exhibition by man, too often accompanied by emotional mass psychology, fleeting in its effect, and even so, not fleeting enough; better had it fled before going released. Prayer changes everything, and to this

means of liberating His blessing for the world need we must give our all—"workers together by prayer." He is looking for intercessors. O! let us not fail HIM. He waits to be gracious and to "open the window of heaven and pour" us out such a blessing that the WORLD shall not be able to contain it.

Love's Highway

From the depths of the doom and darkness
  Ascends that wondrous road,
Which leads the heart of the sinner
  Up to the heart of God.

For from heights of the golden city
  He made the glorious road,
Which leads to the heart of the sinner
  Down from the heart God.

—(From a MS. of the earlier part of the 14th century.)

CHAPTER IV

"YE MUST BE BORN AGAIN"

THOSE who have read the story of the Shanghai Revival of '25 will recall the truly marvellous way in which, when the very real problem of securing an interpreter arose, God answered prayer and by His Spirit searched the great Province of Shantung for the one He had indicated as we knelt before Him a little group in our drawing-room in Dixwell Road; and how (again Divinely guided) we were sent to Kiangwan, where we found Evangelist Leland Wang, who had arrived *two minutes* before. The following adds another chapter to a story without an end, and is part of an address given by Mr. A. T. Y. Chow before a Missionary Society in New York:

I have been connected with the Christian Church for about twenty-eight years, but it is not quite three years as yet since I definitely accepted Christ as my personal Saviour and had the Holy Spirit to bear witness with my spirit that I am a child of God (Rom. 8:16).

I was brought up in Christian schools under very orthodox teaching, used to teach the Bible to students and preach in Church, but I had no living faith, and all my twenty-five years as a Church member were spent in speculation and uncertainty, being for the most time tossed about in the stormy

sea of doubt. Sometimes I even doubted the spirituality of man and the existence of God, and it was not very long before I was converted, as I had studied and observed more that I was able to come to a conclusion that man is not mere matter, that besides this material world in which we find ourselves there must be a spiritual world in which there lives a God who is the first cause of all causes and the governing force of all the forces and activities in the universe. Still I could not believe in the personal God and His plan of salvation for man as set forth in the Bible and believed by the average Christian. My conception of Jesus was that He was a great sage who actually practised what He taught and set an unsurpassing example of absolute righteousness by His death on the cross. My interpretations of the Bible were very much the same as those of the modernists, although I had never been under modernistic teaching. But I was not quite satisfied with my religion, and was always seeking after something to satisfy my heart. Being tired of the dogmas of the orthodox preachers and teachers, and the Bible being a sealed book to me, I had attempted a peep into some other religions in quest of that something. But ere I was drifted far away with them, I found out the vanity of their doctrines, despite that their refined literature and mystic ideas rather appealed to me. This set me back to my old study of Christianity. Not being able to see any new light in the Bible by myself, again I took interest in discussing doctrines with the Christian leaders and in attending religious meetings, expecting something

to satisfy, but was met with not much better satisfaction, although as I look back now, the certainty and vividness with which some of my friends told of their conviction and their faith did leave a deep impression in my mind, for they seemed to know in whom they had believed.

To make a long story short, let me briefly tell about the occasion on which I was definitely converted to the faith at the threshold of which I had been loitering for a quarter of a century.

In the summer of 1925, I had made arrangements with an intimate friend to spend our vacation together in Tsingtao, a fine summer resort. Unexpectedly, my friend had to leave Shanghai about one week before I could finish my work in my school. I was very sorry about that, as I knew that I could not enjoy my trip if I had to travel without his company, not knowing that it was the Lord's planning to save me that I was left behind at Shanghai, for on the very next Sunday morning after my friend had gone, I heard an announcement in my Church that from the following Monday on there were to be some revival meetings in the Union Church, to be conducted by some exceptionally good preachers, specially invited from abroad to hold conferences at Peitaiho and Kuling, where the missionaries and other important Church leaders of China gather for the hot season, but on account of the political situation in the interior just after the May 30th trouble, the meetings were to be held in Shanghai, a special privilege for the Shanghai people, so all the members of the Church were

urged to attend those meetings. I took great interest in the announcement, secretly hoping that those speakers, so highly spoken of, might perhaps help me out of my troubles. But the first day I attended the meeting, I was greatly disappointed, for the speaker, Mr. Paget Wilkes, spoke on Faith, the very thing I objected to, as I wanted very badly to hear something rational and philosophical that would gradually, by logical arguments, prove at least the main issues of the Christian doctrine. In spite of all that, however, there was in Mr. Wilkes's message something from which I could not get away. I therefore went to the meetings every day, both in the morning and afternoon. At the time I thought it was his good English that was attracting me, but as I can see better now, I know that it was something else and more than that. Each time I went I expected to hear something more rational, but the speaker seemed to have made up his mind to preach on Faith only, laying special emphasis on the fact that of all the sins that a person could commit against God the sin of unbelief was the greatest and worst. The messages were full of power, and the Word of God that he freely used was indeed like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces (Jer. 23: 29), hammering on my stony heart day after day, until it cracked a little. But I took particular care not to fall into any emotionalism.

The meetings had gone on very successfully for one week, when Mr. Wilkes was taken ill and the charge of the pulpit went over to Mr. Thornton. Now Mr. Thornton preached in a different way, for

he did not do so much exposition of the Scriptures as Mr. Wilkes, but in a most vivid manner told stories of his personal experiences as to how the Lord had answered his prayers and otherwise blessed him. And he very often pointed his finger at me saying, "Brother, it's for you, too; brother, it's for you, too!" As I had not met him, this set me to thinking a little. But I did my best to balance my mind, by no means allowing myself to fall into any psychological trick.

The meetings increased in attendance very rapidly under the charge of Mr. Thornton and a Chinese evangelist, Mr. Leland Wang, who had from the very beginning been interpreter and chairman, and always added a few words of his own which were also full of the power of the Gospel and to the great benefit of the audience.

By that time I had been troubled in my conscience for several days and found myself in an Egyptian darkness from which I could not find my way out. Oh, wretched man that I was!

One day, about the eighth or ninth day of the long series of meetings, I went to an overflow meeting which was conducted by Mr. Wang. He used John 9:25: ". . . whereas I was blind, now I see," as his scripture text, and testified to the peace and joy he had been enjoying since the Lord cured his spiritual blindness. Oh, how I wished I could see my way clear to have my share in that peace and joy! As he enumerated the sins he had committed, and praised the Lord for having forgiven him and saved him, something within me seemed

to be urging me, saying, "How about your sins, which are enormously worse than his? Do you not believe that there is a God and that you are a being with spiritual life under His government? Do you know where you are bound for after you leave your physical body? Do you not realize the seriousness of your case before God? Why should you procrastinate and halt between two opinions any longer?" As those thoughts were smouldering within me like a fire under a covering, I felt the pain of it, and decided to get near God for mercy. But somehow or other, something was in the way and I could not approach Him. Then I realized the need of a mediator, as I had been taught to believe, even in Jesus Christ, the Saviour who was God in flesh and therefore competent for the unique task which none else could do, and I said in my heart to God, "Lord I believe now." That was amply a conversion in the ordinary sense, but I praise God that He knew that my soul needed a much more thorough treatment than that. Towards the end of his talk, Mr. Wang gave out an invitation, asking those who had accepted Christ as Saviour to go up to the front. One or two decent-looking young men had gone up without much hesitation. Something within me urged me to go up too. But I said to myself, "To accept Christ is a personal matter. What is the idea of going up to the front?" That voice within me said again: "You may be right in objecting that it is a personal matter to accept Christ, and in questioning the idea of going up to the front, but what it the idea of refusing to go up? Is it

not your old pride that is in the way of your confessing Christ before the public? Do you not remember that Christ will not confess you before the Father if you will not confess Him before men? And do you know that there are others in this room that will make their decision for Christ only if you will set the example? Go forward, then, go"! The voice was so overwhelming that I had lost all my power of resistance, and after all, up to the front and down on my knees I went. As I had come to the end of myself, the Holy Spirit began to work freely in me; for while I was praying, once more my sins were presented before me in a very dark picture, not only those sins that I had realized before, but the deeds that I had been proud of as deeds of virtue were also painted out to me as deeds of sin, because, as it was revealed to me then, that there was always a sense of pride and selfishness in each of the so-called deeds of virtue, generally with a motive for the approval of man. Then I became the most miserable man in the world, entirely at a loss of what to do. And I wept as a child for not less than an hour and a half, until at last I heard a voice saying, "Jesus has saved you, please stand up." Upon this, all of a sudden, those scriptures about the forgiveness of sins all came to me afresh, and as I stood up I felt a peace and joy in my heart that I had never had before, and that no words could describe. The Church hall, which was packed during the meeting, was now nearly empty, with only three or four persons left. It seemed to me that the very scene of the room had changed. Even

the face of my dear old mother who sat yonder in the room had something new in its look of sympathy towards me. As I walked out of the Church door, the little garden in front of the building presented the innocent smile and sweet serenity of the Eden of unfallen man.

Ever since that day I have my life hid with Christ in God, and of the things in the world which used to surround me in a dark cloud of problems I now command a bird's-eye view. Although I am not quite satisfied with the life I have lived and the humble service I have rendered to my Lord, I am perfectly satisfied with Him, my Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, Redemption, and my All in All. He has been in every detail of my life. He has taught me, guided me, chastized me and protected me. During the short period of not quite three years, He has done many an impossible thing both in and through me.

The foregoing testimony—unrevised and verbatim—by Mr. Chow answers the query common to critics of revival converts, "Do they STAND," to which one who has seen the spiritual growth of such, replies "No, they keep marching on!"

It also provides a final illustration of our Father's faithfulness to His promise, "*Before* they call, I will answer," for we are going to press with this corrected edition of *Long Distance Calls,* and needed a few pages more when the letter containing it arrived from Miss Ruth Paxson, in China.

"His ear is not heavy that it cannot hear."

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